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PERCEPTION OF THE TROUBLED

MAREE HERRON

I find him in the darkness where I stuffed him long ago;
My eyes blink cold with weariness, the source of which I know
Can only mean he wakes again from depths of sorcery
Which fills my ears and binds my tongue with bitter vertigo.

I thought the ties that bound us snipped would free me from his grasp,
But strings of Fate are only cut by death's impending rasp.
He holds me like a lover scorned and rocks me to and fro—
Then beats me with the doors unlocked; I dare not speak or gasp.

Through death through life his eminence will haunt me o'er the years;
For bound to me he lives, but stripped apart he disappears.
That box of cruel Pandora bids my hand upon the clasp,
And brings about the specter once again into my fears.

Two entities!—They cry;—a friend and foe, a murderer!
You live as one but he upon yourself didst not incur!
Such piteous lies do ever shout that *I* could spurn the tears
That from him scream in agony upon my face demure.

A heart, a lung, the two doth churn my dark unwilling blood:
Such necessary organs would if taken bring a flood,
His tendrils reach into them; their distinctness now doth blur—
Until our lives are terminal, a Flower killed in bud.

I do not ask for sympathy nor charity nor rue.
I only want for understanding of this thing—taboo;
For 'till the sky doth brighten, clouds across it; dark; will scud—
And bring about continuance where tampered minds adieu.